

HOPE ON.

Though black and angry clouds may rise
To hide the blue of summer skies
From straitened and weary waiting eyes,
The sun will shine when clouds are gone,
And when God's hand dispels the gloom
The black will sing, the flowers bloom—
Cheer up, faint heart, hope on!

Though steep the way and dark the night,
With ne'er a friendly ray of light,
And dim and feeble be the sight,
Still halcyons wait in the dawn;
There, just before the darkness, lies
Love's sweet, unlighted paradise—
Be brave, poor heart, hope on!

For every heartache, every tear,
For every patient, struggling year,
For every sacrifice made here,
When heaven's mystic veil is drawn,
A rich reward, ten thousandfold,
Will come, with hapless untold—
Hope on, dear heart, hope on!

—Memphis Scimitar.

The Parson's Salary.

The Church Was Too Poor to Pay It, and He Went Without It.

The Rev. John Sopor tried hard to do his duty when he became pastor of a church at Windport, down on Long Island. It was his first charge, and he soon began to think that, when he was called to the ministry, either the wrong John Sopor answered the telephone or the message was a fake one. One of the first things he found out was that the church was in debt and willing to become more so. For a month or two he got the whole of his miserably small salary. Then he got only part of it, and finally he found it necessary to speak about the condition of things.

Deacon Sifter was the chief man in the church. He had the reputation of being well to do. He was the principal storekeeper in the village and lived away from his business in an old-fashioned dwelling, facing on the main street. His daughter Rachel was a very charming girl of 19 or 20. All the young men around were anxious for her acquaintance. But Rachel had received a good education and was, moreover, sincerely pious and had no taste for the bestial manners, uncouth speech and careless habits of most of the young men around. The new pastor was a very different man from the natives in all respects. He was tall, strong and erect, with a manly face and gentle methods. He was well informed and knew how to talk and didn't assume an air of superiority, as some young pastors do. He thought it is best to say at once that he fell in love with Rachel and that she was willing and glad. Neither is it necessary to say that he visited the deacon's house often than any other in Windport.

I have said that the pastor's salary was unusually small. So when it came in regularly it was barely enough to pay his living expenses. When it ceased to come in, he was taken aback. So he went to the deacon and had a long talk with him, and the deacon said he would see about it.

"I hope you will as speedily as possible," said the pastor, "for you see, I am a poor man and possess no other income."

The deacon and his wife after this laid their heads together. They had noticed the pastor's liking for Rachel and felt rather flattered, taking it for granted that a young man who had spent years at college, always dressed well and had accepted the charge of so poor a church must have a good income apart from his profession. The result was that husband and wife agreed that the pastor's visits must be discouraged, as they expected their daughter to marry a man of means and not a pauper, no matter how good he might be. Of course the deacon and his wife were to let the pastor understand in an offhand way the views of herself and her husband as to their expectations about Rachel.

So when the pastor called soon afterward and was having a pleasant conversation with Rachel in the parlor her mother bustled in and greeted him with much fervor. She sat down and talked about the weather and the crops and the Sunday school and the hard times. Then she suddenly remembered that she wanted something from the store and supposed that Rachel wouldn't mind fetching it. Rachel at once rose, excused herself and departed on her mission.

"See how readily she goes," said her mother. "She's a real good girl, and I'm so thankful that, in spite of her fine education, she is always ready to help me. You see, some people thought we were spilling her when we sent her to college, but she was our only one, and we were anxious that she should be a fit wife for a good man, no matter how high up he might be. We've seen many nice girls make up their minds to marry and marry them, though they hadn't more than \$10 or \$12 a week, and in most cases when anything out of the way happened they had to fall back on their parents for help. Of course we've got a little something laid by, but don't intend our daughter to depend on that when she gets married. Better stay single and bide at home than do that."

There was only one interpretation which Mr. Sopor could find for this speech, including the \$10 or \$12 a week allusion, and that was that the deacon and his wife had seen his liking for Rachel and wanted it understood that they would strenuously object to him as a son-in-law.

A few days later in the evening a church meeting was held, and the pastor spoke very plainly about his salary and the failure of the members to attend the services and subscribe. He was always a plain speaker. In the pulpit he used simple language and homely illustrations and never talked politics or lectured on novels, but kept close to his text.

"I won't be in debt for the food I eat," he said, "and so you must either pay me the salary agreed on or release me and let me go elsewhere."

"Ye see, pastor," said one of the deacons, "we thought ye'd gathered in some of the worldly minded people around, but ye don't seem to take. I see the young men come along and listen for a minute at the church door and then go. Now if ye'd had a row in way with ye and made things hot they'd ha' come right in and might ha' ha' converted."

"I am quite aware of my imperfections," Mr. Sopor said, "and am ready to remove them and myself out of your sight and hearing, but I want it understood that you have conversed with

me to pay me so much a month and you haven't done it, and I must either live on credit or starve."

"I've lived on credit and traded on credit," said Deacon Sifter, "and nobody thinks the worse of me, but then I never was a confessed pauper."

"You are at liberty to live on credit again," Mr. Sopor said, "but as a Christian you are not at liberty to force your pastor to do so. It would be a disgrace to the Christian name."

The meeting grew stormy and adjourned without any attempt to pay the pastor's salary. The very next day, however, something happened to render the pastor less anxious about his salary. He received a letter, informing him that an uncle had died, leaving him an estate of over \$200,000. Just as it was growing dark he started for the deacon's store, intending to smooth things over about the salary. The deacon, however, had gone home to supper and Mr. Sopor directed his steps toward his dwelling. He found the door ajar and was about to knock when his knuckles on the panel when the door opened and a small parcel was thrust into his hand, and he heard the stern voice of the deacon's wife:

"There! Take that and be off with you! And don't you come loafing around here again!"

The door was banged in his face. He stood dumfounded. Then he turned away with a sigh and went toward his boarding house, still holding the parcel. When he reached his apartment, he struck a match and lighted his lamp. Then he looked down at the parcel which he had laid on the table. It was covered with a piece of brown paper. He took it up, felt the weight of it and wondered what it could be. He had once lent a lamp to Rachel for her bicycle, but it didn't feel like that. So he slowly removed the wrapper and found within two slices of stale bread with a slice of cold meat between them.

His heart sank. This was indeed a wicked act, a most unprovoked insult. It was throwing the dog a bone and then kicking him out.

Next Sunday after the preaching Mr. Sopor told the congregation that he was going to leave. He was not to be paid more than four or five months' salary, but I'll make a present of it to the church," he said. "I am sorry I've had to complain of poverty because of your failure to pay me what you covenanted. Still I am grateful that at least one among you showed a disposition to help me."

He held up the parcel, opened it and exhibited the two slices of bread and the slice of meat. There was consternation all around, but most of all in Deacon Sifter's pew, as the pastor held up the sandwich in his defiant gesture and said directions so that all might see it. Then he pronounced the benediction.

I am not informed what the congregation said or thought. I only know that while the people in the village were at dinner Deacon Sifter went round to the pastor and carried him away to the Sifter dwelling. Mrs. Sifter had recovered sufficiently from hysteria to talk between sobs and spasms. This was the explanation she gave:

Just at dusk a tramp came to the house and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Sifter put up a big, substantial sandwich and handed it out at the door to the tramp, as she supposed, for it was pretty dark, and she saw only the outline of a man. She accompanied the gift with the admonitions already recorded. Afterward she was sorry she had given the rogue anything, for she found that her husband's overcoat was gone and was sure that while she was getting the sandwich the tramp had entered through the unlocked door and stolen the garment.

So it turned out that just after the tramp had absconded with the coat the pastor came up to the door, and hence this story.

Mr. Sopor didn't leave the church, however. He did marry Rachel, and I am going down next week, if all be well, to see the baby.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Mirrors in Show Windows.
Effective results in show windows are often produced by the aid of mirrors, doubling the exhibit, or even seeming indefinitely to extend it. A curious illustration of the effectiveness of mirrors in such use was shown in a window of a big toy store. Ranged in companies and battalions, following one another upon a foot wide strip of glass raised above the floor of the window and extending along close to the window in front and along the entire width of it, was a long column of toy soldiers, marching, or seeming to march, the figures being all in marching attitudes. At the side of the window was a mirror standing vertically, but running back from the front at an angle slightly acute. Seen from the sidewalk and at a little distance from the window, the reflection in the mirror of the marching column of soldiers had the appearance of a continuation of it, the column turning at the mirror, at a slight angle from the course of its march along the glass, the effect being produced by the angle at which the mirror was set.—New York Sun.

An Accommodating Ear.
Philadelphia has become accustomed to the Chinaman who carries his nickel for carfare in his ear, but it remained for an enterprising representative of The Record to discover a man who used the soft lobe of his ear for a cotton wad.

Passengers on a street car in the Quaker City the other day were attracted to a well-dressed man of middle age because of something peculiar they noticed about his right ear. It seemed to those who looked that the ear was minus a lobe. Suddenly there was a flop, and the interested passengers then noticed that the ear was all right, with the lobe in the place where it ought to be.

By the time the passengers had gone deep into wonder over the strange sight the man raised his hand and pushed the lobe into the opening of the ear, placing the ear in the condition it was before the flop. Noticing that the man who sat next to him stared in an inquiring way at him, the man with the missing ear said that the lobe was his carfare coin.

He was a great sufferer from the ache, he said, and formerly used cotton to shut the wind out of his ear. One day he was without cotton and found

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that he could shove the lobe into the opening. It did not only keep the wind out, but the pain disappeared entirely, and since then he has always put the lower part of his ear into use when the carache has come on.

Wendell Phillips and Blaine.

When Wendell Phillips was last in Washington, he was for a few minutes on the floor of the United States senate, surrounded by a group of senators, among whom was Senator James G. Blaine, always a favorite with Mr. Phillips. It so happened that a few weeks before this time Mr. Blaine, in presenting to congress the statue of Governor King, first governor of Maine, to be placed in the rotunda of the capitol, had commented severely on the loyalty of Massachusetts, and especially the Federalist party, during the war with Great Britain in 1812.

Of this party the father of Wendell Phillips, John Phillips, was a conspicuous member. When Blaine's speech was made Daves and Hoar were senators from Massachusetts, and they both essayed some sort of an impromptu reply thereto, but did themselves little credit in parrying the thrusts of Blaine's glittering rapier.

So, when Wendell Phillips met Blaine on this occasion, he said to him laughingly, "I wish I had been a member of this body for about an hour the other day when you made that speech attacking the Massachusetts Federalists."

"Ah," said Mr. Blaine with that ready wit which never deserted him, "if you had been here I shouldn't have made that speech"—Harper's Magazine.

What He Was Looking For.
"I tell you, sir," he said, "the girls of today are not properly educated. I don't want to marry a girl who is able to cook."

"Yes?" returned the other disinterestedly.

"Can't say that I care particularly about that."

"What kind of a girl do you want, then?"

"What kind do I want? Oh, I want a girl who is able to hire a cook and incidentally a butler and a coachman and a footman and all the rest that go to make life comfortable."—Chicago Post.

New Version.

Sunday School Teacher—You may repeat the golden text.

Johnny—Them wot's got gits; an them wot's got nothin gits left!—Harden Life.

A Dreadful Game.

"Don't you admire football, Clara?"

"I detest it. Percy's got his collar bone broken, and I can't put my head on his shoulder for a month."—Chicago Record.

Facts Are Stubborn.

If Akron People Are Not Convinced by Local Testimony, They Differ From Other People.

Facts are stubborn. Some may be disputed. None can be disproved. A fact is always hedged about with proof. Has to stand the test of investigation. Investigate closely the following. The closer the scrutiny the more convincing the result.

An Akron citizen speaks here. Speaks from experience and conviction.

Mr. J. W. Foster, 124 Broadway, retires, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills relieved my kidneys, although prescriptions and standard medicines I tried failed to benefit me. I suffered greatly from pain in my back just below my kidneys. Procuring Doan's Kidney Pills at Lavanter & Co.'s drug store they soon stopped the backache, regulated the kidney secretions and relieved me of much inconvenience. They caused me to rest well nights, banished the weariness which weighed me down particularly in the mornings and I have no hesitancy in recommending them to others in need of a preparation of this kind."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Mailed by Postmaster Lavanter & Co., Buffalo, N.Y. Sole agents for the U.S. Remember the name Doan's and take no substitute.

THE POEM.

He lifted his head,
And the vision that shone there smiled.
"Oh, Port," he said,
"I have come at thy bidding; no child
Of thy fancy, dead,
But living and breathing as thou!
Take me now!"

His heart, how it burned!
But he thought, "It is a dream. If I move,
It will vanish," and he yawned
With an indistinct yearning and stare
With his doubts till she turned—
"So, the vision—and sorrowful went
The man who knew her intent."

He leapt to his feet
And seized on her undulant vest,
With his odor as sweet
As the Maytime, and, lo, it did fall
In his hand, all complete!
She had gone, and he cherished, forlorn,
The veil she had worn.

The veil he upraised.
He showed it to men, and they cried
As they noted its magic:
The diaphanous wonder, "What prize
Of invention?" and praised.
But sweeter and sadder grew
And replied, "Oh, you know!"
—Henry Barnard Merwin in Atlantic.

HIS THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY

On That Day He Decided to Renounce Preference for the Girl He Loved.

By Lloyd Osborne.

His thirtieth birthday! His first youth was behind him, with all its heartburnings, its failures, its humiliations. What had he done these years past but drift, forlorn, penniless and unattached, over those shallows where others had stuck and prospered?

In the colonies he had toiled unrelentingly in half a hundred characters, groom, cook, boundary rider, steamer captain, always drifting, always falling. Had life nothing more for him than an endless succession of not empty days on the farthest beach of Utopia, with scarcely more to eat than the commonest Kanaka and no other outlet for his energies than the bartering of salt beef for coprah and an occasional night's fishing on the reef?

The notion of an incoming boat drew him to the door, and he looked out to see the pastor's old whaler heading through the pass. A half grown girl leaped into the water and hastened up to the store with something fastened in a banana leaf. It was a letter, which she shyly handed to the trader.

Walter Kinross looked at it with surprise, for it was the first he had received for four years, and the sight of its English stamp and familiar handwriting filled him with something like awe:

My Dear Nephew—I know you're pretty old to come back and start life afresh here, but if you never had the fog to get married out there and tied by the leg forever I'll help you to make a new start, if you have the grit to do it. You tell me \$10,000 a year will keep you, and if you will try and turn over a new leaf and make a man of yourself in good earnest I am prepared to mark you down automatically in my will.

But, mind, no promises; payment strictly by results. You're no longer a boy, and you probably had the last chance you'll ever get of entering civilised life again and meeting respectable folk. I enclose you a draft at sight on Sydney for \$1,200, for you will need some clothes, etc., as well as your passage money, and if you decide not to return you can accept it as a present from your old uncle. Affectionately yours, ALFRED BARNACK.

The house could not contain him and his eager thoughts; he must needs feel the sky overhead and the trades against his cheek, and take all nature into his own confidence. Besides, Valania had now a new charm for him. One he had never counted on to find.

Hard and lonely though his life had been, this Samoa was endeared to him by a thousand pleasant memories and even by the recollection of his past unhappiness. Here he had found peace and love, freedom from taskmasters, some more beautiful than any picture, and, not least, a sufficiency to eat.

A little money, and his life might have been tolerable, even happy; enough money for a good sized boat, a cow or two, and those six acres of the Pascoe estate he had so often longed to buy. How often had he talked of it with Leata, who had been his confidante, how often he had dreamed of his quarter acre to the six and make them all his little paradise. Poor Leata, whom he had taken so lightly from her father's house and paid for in gunpowder and kegs of beef; his smiling, soft eyed Leata, who would have died for him! What was to become of her in this new arrangement?

By this time he had worked quite round the bay, and almost without knowing it he found himself in front of Paul Englebert's store. Englebert was the other trader in Valania, a peppery, middle aged Prussian, who had been a good friend of his before those seven breadfruit trees had come between them.

He recalled Englebert's rough, jovial kindness, remembered how Paul had cared for him through the fever, and helped him afterward with money and trade. How could he have been so petty as to make a quarrel of these breadfruit trees? Poor old Paul! It was a shame they hadn't spoken these two years.

On the veranda, barefooted and in striped pyjamas, was Englebert, pretending not to see him. To Kinross, as he walked up the path and mounted the veranda stairs, the man looked old and sick, and not a little changed.

"How do you do, Englebert?" he said. The German looked at him with smoldering eyes. "Gant you see I'm busy?" he said.

"You might offer a man a chair," said Kinross, seating himself on the stool chest.

"There is no fare for dem dat isn't well come," said the German.

"I used to be welcome here," said Kinross. "There was a time when you were a precious good friend of mine, Paul Englebert."

"Dat was long ago," said the trader.

"I've been thinking," said Kinross, "that I've acted like a fool about those trees."

"Dat was what I was dinking, too, dem two-tree years," responded the other.

"Take them; they are yours," said Kinross. "You can build your fence there tomorrow."

"So?" said Englebert with dawning intelligence. "De German gonsal has at last to my complaint listened."

"Hang the German gonsal!" cried Kinross. "I do it myself because I was

wrong; because you were good to me that time I was sick and lent me the \$100 and the trade."

"And you want nothing?" asked Englebert, still incredulous.

"I want to shake your hand and be friends again, old man," said Kinross, "same as we used to be when we played dominoes every night, and you'd tell me about the Austrian war, and how the prince divided the cigars with you when you were wounded."

The German looked away. "Oh, Kinross," he said, with a queer shining look in his eyes, "you make me much ashamed." He turned suddenly round and wrung the Englishman's hand in an iron grasp. "I too, was fool. Ho, Malia, de beer!"

His strapping native wife appeared with bottles and mugs. At the sight of their guest she could scarcely conceal her surprise.

"Troost," said Englebert, touching glasses. "You know dem six acres of de Pascoe estate," he said, looking very hard at his companion; "very nice little place, very cheap, youst behind your store?"

Kinross nodded, but his face fell, in spite of himself.

"I from the American gonsal bought this house," he said, the German, "very cheap—\$200 Chile. Youst behind your store?"

"They are yours. Pay me back when you have de money. I buy dem only to spite you. My friend, take dem."

"Paul, Paul," cried Kinross, "I don't know what to say—how to thank you! This morning I got money from home and the first thing I meant to do was to buy them."

"All de better," said Englebert, "and, my boy, you blaut giffet. It's de giffet dat buys, and I will get you plenty delectable drees from my friend, de captain in Tutubau blautation. Youst one glass beer, Ho, Malia, de beer!"

The trader turned away with difficulty, and started homeward, his heart swelling with kindness for the old Prussian. He exulted in the six acres he had so nearly lost, and they now seemed to him more precious than ever.

Then he remembered he was leaving Valania, and again he heard the hum of London in his ears. He had been in the four Sundays of November are observed as festive days in Holland. They are known by the curious names Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession, and all refer to maritime warfare, the four days in Holland being the months par excellence devoted to church and marriage, probably because the agriculturists' occupations of the year are over and possibly because the lords of creation from quite remote antiquity have recognized the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the winter.

On Review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak.

On Decision Sunday each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden or his choice with a ceremonial bow and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are acceptable. Purchase Sunday the consent of the parents is sought if the suit has prospered during the week. Not until Possession Sunday, however, do the twain appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.—Denver News.

English Secret Service Money.
The term "secret service money" is usually applied to a fund placed at the disposal of ministers to be expended at their discretion in promoting or protecting the interests of this country. These moneys consist of a sum of £35,000 annually included in the estimates, in respect of which ministers are only required to make a declaration that the moneys spent have been expended "in accordance with the intentions of parliament."

As ministers are required to give no account of their stewardship, it is obvious how they have no means of knowing how these moneys are expended. The reader, however, who carries his mind back to episodes within his knowledge, such as the collapse of the Fenian conspirators or of their later development, the "Irish Invincibles" will have little difficulty in realizing how indispensable a fund of this kind is to the protection of a state and of understanding the infinite variety of uses to which it may be applied.—Chambers' Journal.

Her Own Prescription.
Dr. Young—My dear, your throat demands better protection from the drafts of the open house.

Mrs. Young—Yes, darling; I ought to have a three rope pearl necklace for such occasions.—Jewellers' Weekly.

Among the Vosges peasants children born at the new moon are supposed to have better hung tongues than others and those born at the last quarter to have keener reasoning powers.

PEOPLE TESTIFY.
Reference That Is Surely Worth Looking Up.

An Ohio Man Who Tells His Friends What Has Done Him Much Good.

We will tell you what will cure the worst kind of a case of backache caused from the kidneys. We will not only tell you, but will refer you to people in all walks of life in the State of Ohio, who have Used Kidney Pills with the best results. We ask you to read this statement from Mr. Perry Gardner, 61 North Third st., Cambridge, Ohio, who says: "I have suffered with kidney disorder for several years, also with backache and nervousness. I was greatly discouraged and ready to give up when I heard about Morrow's Kidney Pills. I purchased a box and took them according to directions and the very first gave me relief. I continued to take them until I felt perfectly well."

Morrow's Kidney Pills are not pills, but Yellow Tablets, and sell at fifty cents a box at all drug stores and at John Lamparter & Co.'s drug store. Mailed on receipt of price. Manufactured by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.

QUICKSANDS HIDDEN UNDER CLAY.
Curious but dangerous freaks of nature frequently found in the deserts of Arizona are called sandbars by the Mexicans and Indians. They are masked pitfalls of quicksand that occur in the dry plains and are covered with a treacherous crust of clay that has been spread over them in fine particles by the wind and baked dry by the sun.

The peculiar properties of the soil retain all the moisture drained into them after the infrequent rains and allow it to be filtered to unknown depths, so that a man or a horse or a cow or a sheep that once steps upon that deceptive crust instantly sinks out of sight beyond hope of rescue. The sandbars are on a level with the surface of the desert. There is no danger signal to mark them, and their surface cannot be distinguished by the ordinary eye from the hard clay that surrounds them. They occur most frequently in the alkali covered flats and are often 15 or 20 feet in diameter. Sometimes they are only little pockets of the soft sand, and on a level, but the longest pole has never found their bottom. A stone thrown through the crust sinks to unknown depths, and no man who ever fell into one of them was rescued. They account for

WHENCE ITS VALUE.
Hicks—You know that "silence is golden."

Witt—That means it is very precious because it is so scarce.—Boston Transcript.

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THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.
A Better Way Now Discovered, Which Cures Every Form of Piles Without Pain or Inconvenience.

Many people suffer the pain, annoyance and often serious results from piles, for years, and after trying the many lotions, salves, ointments and so-called cures without cure or relief, give up the hope of a final cure, rather than submit to the intense pain and danger of life which a surgical operation involves.

Happily all this suffering is no longer necessary, since the discovery of the Pyramid Pile Cure; a remedy which is approved by the medical profession, as being absolutely safe, free from any trace of opiates, narcotic or mineral poisons, and which may be depended upon for a certain cure (not merely relief) in any form of piles, whether itching, blind, bleeding or protruding. Some of the hundreds of cures recently made are little short of marvellous, and a personal of the following will demonstrate:

Dr. J. W. Megan, Leonardville, Kan., writes: "I have used a box of Pyramid Pile Cure and received more benefit and relief than any remedy I had used in the past 22 years."

James Jamerson, Dubuque, Iowa, says: "I suffered from piles for six years; have just used the Pyramid Pile Cure and am a well man."

Mrs. M. C. Hinkley, 601 Mississippi st., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Have been a sufferer from the pain and annoyance of piles for 15 years. The Pyramid Pile Cure and Pyramid Pills gave me immediate relief and in a short time a complete cure."

The Pyramid Pile Cure may be found at druggists at 50 cents per package. A book on cause and cure of piles will be sent by mail, by addressing the Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

the mysterious disappearance of many men and cattle.—Chicago Record.

Four Courtship Sundays.
The four Sundays of November are observed as festive days in Holland. They are known by the curious names Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession, and all refer to maritime warfare, the four days in Holland being the months par excellence devoted to church and marriage, probably because the agriculturists' occupations of the year are over and possibly because the lords of creation from quite remote antiquity have recognized the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the winter.

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